King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
King. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo, rewards hee my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tiranous and bloody deede is done,
The moſt arch-acts of pittious maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Forreſt* girdling one another
Within their inocent alablaſter armes,
Their lipes like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
When in there ſommer beauty kiſt each other,
A booke of prayer one their pillow laie,
which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villian ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told, on we ſmoothered
The moſt repleniſht ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And heare he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrell*, and I happy in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your hapyneſſe, bee happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King

King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrill*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I doe not know.
King. Come to mee *Tirrill* ſoone after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire, *Exit Tirrill.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pend vp cloſe,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aimes
And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the Crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt ſo bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welchmen*
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth,
King Ely with *Richmond* troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leueld army:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leades impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery,
Then fiery expedition be my wings,
Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald for a King:
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margret ſola.

Qu. Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſllie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence